Lyrics

Bennett's Union Fifth School

[illegible]

Mary Prudence Brown

Evylena Nunn.

Jessie M. Robertson

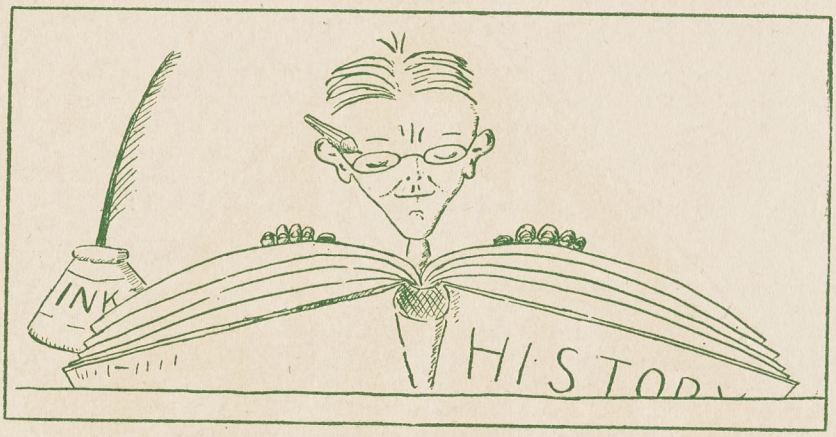
TO

MR. C. A. REID,

PRESIDENT OF THE HIGH SCHOOL BOARD
OF TRUSTEES,

FOR HIS MANY YEARS OF FAITHFUL
SERVICE ON THE SCHOOL BOARD
THE STUDENT BODY OF BANNING
UNION HIGH SCHOOL RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATES THIS VOLUME OF

"LA REVISTA."



Border Justice

SANDY rode slowly along toward the ranch, winding in and out among the sage brush and cactus. He was not guiding his horse; there was no need, for Star knew the way as well as he did. His body was humped over in the saddle dejectedly, so deeply was he absorbed in his thoughts that he did not notice the lengthening shadows until Star shied at an ugly black snake basking in the last hot rays of the departing sun. After he watched the snake slowly uncoil and wiggle behind a bush, he started off at a steady gallop toward the cluster of red-topped ranch houses, above which, plainly outlined against the sky was a huge wireless apparatus and he muttered to himself as he went, "I'll see the boss to-night."

Sandy was both lean and lanky. Usually he was jolly and did a great deal of joking, but at present he was in a very melancholy mood. He worked on a cattle ranch south of Yuma near the Colorado river. This ranch with the neighboring ranches made the big part of the great cattle industry of Arizona.

As Sandy was fixing Star for the night Judd Pierce, his boss, came to him and said, "Jackson had some more cattle run off last night and yesterday Stone had some disappear in the daytime. It shore gets me who's gettin' those cattle. You didn't see any signs of them down there, did you?"

"Yes, I saw some pretty fresh tracks over by the south spring and from the looks of them they must have been headin' for the border fast," returned Sandy.

"I don't think those fellows are just plain rustlers. Ordinary thieves couldn't get rid of as many cattle as they're running off every week. I wouldn't be at all surprised if those Germans had something to do with this," said Judd, voicing his pet theory.

Nothing was said for a few minutes, then Judd began:

"I saw by this morning's paper that some submarines had been seen off the coast of Lower California."

"Yes, I saw that," remarked Sandy, absent-mindedly. And again the conversation lagged. "Say, boss," Sandy resumed slowly, "If you can give me my pay, I think I'll leave to-morrow."

Judd looked at him in astonishment. "What! you go tomorrow! Why, you haven't been here hardly a month. What's the matter? Don't you like your job?"

"Yes, the job is all right, but I"—and Sandy's voice trailed into silence.

"Well, is that all?" said Judd rather heatedly. "If you go leaving the country in this way, it'll look like you had something to do with the cattle stealing."

"No, that isn't all," said Sandy quickly. "I think I'll tell you about it," and he began abruptly. "I don't remember my father, he died when I was a little kid. Mother, my brother Cal, and I lived on a little place we had rented back in Missouri. We had a hard enough time getting along before mother died, but when she left us, things were worse than ever. Both of us were disgusted with the place, so we left and came out west. We had always pulled together well up to a few weeks ago, and then we had a fuss. It seems like a little kid's quarrel now, and I want my brother with me again. So if you'll give me my pay, I will start tomorrow to find him."

"If that's it, Sandy, all right. We sure hate to lose you. But you had better wait until next week before you leave. There's only Saturday and Sunday left of this week, and then get a good start Monday morning," suggested Judd.

After thinking it over Sandy replied that he would do as Judd suggested.

As he finished speaking two strangers rode up and dismounted. They said they were sent out by the Government to find out the available supply of beef, in case the regulation of the food supply was started. One of them, catching sign of the wireless, clearly outlined against the golden glow of the western sky, remarked: "You have a pretty fine wireless apparatus here."

"Yes, we have," said Judd. "It belongs to Mr. Schmidt's boy. Although I have never seen him use it, Schmidt says his son sends messages to a friend of his across the border."

"Schmidt, did you say?" said the stranger. "German, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's a German," returned Judd. "Bought this ranch just after the European war began. But he seems to be loyal enough to the United States. Say, you fellows better put up here for the night. It's quite a ways to the next place."

They accepted, and Judd took them to the house, while Sandy made his way to the mess house, from which came the rattle of dishes and the laughter of the care-free cow-punchers.

The next afternoon Sandy was out looking for stray cattle. As he topped a small rise in the land he saw a man driving some cattle southward, and he wondered why he was going in that direction. Then the disappearance of Stone's cattle in the day time flashed through his mind, and he decided that he had come upon one of the cattle thieves. As he rode nearer, he noticed the man kept looking back over the way he had come, as though to see if any one was following. Sandy approached him so quickly and with so little noise that the supposed thief did not turn until he was about twenty feet from him. For a moment they stared at each other wordless.

"Sandy," cried Cal. And after a silence, during which Sandy stared at him, "My, but you are a sight for sore eyes."

But Sandy didn't smile. He was pale as death, and he said with a trembling voice, "You, Cal, you a thief?"

"No, I'm not a thief! Sandy," said Cal, growing pale in his turn, "I can't explain to you now—but——."

"Of course you can't," burst out Sandy. "YOU HAVE nothing to explain. It's as plain as the light of day, what you're up to." Then more excitedly, "Get out of my sight, before I do my duty and turn you over to justice."

"But listen, Sandy, you——."

"I said go," thundered Sandy. And Cal went.

Before Sandy had recovered from the shock of his meeting with Cal, he was roughly commanded from behind to put up his hands. He turned as he did so, and looked into the eyes of the sheriff.

"I guess I got one of you this time, but I thought I saw another one," said the sheriff.

Sandy growled, "I'm the only one."

The sheriff after tying his hands behind him, headed Sandy in the direction of Casa Grande, and followed close behind him.

When they arrived in town the sheriff said to the crowd of angry men about them, "I caught him with the goods, standin' with the steers all around him."

"Lynch him," cried a wrathful voice in the crowd. "We've had enough of this cattle stealing."

This cry was taken up as the mob surged forward and pulled Sandy from his horse. The sheriff put in a protest that Sandy was his prisoner, but they quickly disposed of him. On the edge of town was a large tree, and here they made rapid preparation for the hanging. Judd Pierce stormed around about hanging an innocent man, but it moved them not a bit. Mr. Schmidt consulted with Judd, but they didn't seem to agree, and he turned to the crowd and said, that it was hard to hang a man, but that they must do their duty.

The noose was slipped over Sandy's head. Then, in the tense silence that followed, while nothing could be heard but the mutterings of Judd, and the strained breathing of the executioners, three men came riding from the town at a hard gallop. One of them shouted, as he rode, "Stop! stop! wait!" The riders hurled themselves from their horses and came running up. They were Cal and the two strangers. One of them said, showing his Secret Service badge, "Turn that man loose. He is innocent. And I arrest that man," pointing to Mr. Schmidt, "as an alien enemy for aiding the Germans in the present war against the United States of America."

As he said this the other man slipped a pair of handcuffs on Mr. Schmidt, and turning to the crowd, said: "We have just un-

earthed the plot this man was aiding the Germans in. You people have been losing cattle for several months. They were driven by the Germans and the Mexicans in Mexico to the Gulf of Lower California. From there they were shipped to Germany in submarines. Sometimes it was not safe for these merchant submarines to approach the land, and this was where Schmidt came in with his wireless, and informed them of the situation. This man," pointing to Cal, "was aiding us in our plans this afternoon, and was mistaken for a cattle thief by his brother Sandy. The sheriff in turn arrested Sandy for the same offense, but as you see he is innocent."

As they led the crest-fallen Schmidt away, Sandy and Cal shook hands happily, glad that they were back again on the old intimate terms.

JOSEPH MULLEN, '19.

To American Patriotism

President Wilson, our well known choice, and pride
Of peace, but proud enough to take his stand,
Guided by learning and God at his right hand.
To trial, new foes, and laurels, He is his guide,
Yet ever a brotherly hand extends each side.
Matchless in tact and peace is this free land.
But ready to blaze, like tinder before the brand,
Against a ruthless king stubbornly we cried.
Laurel wreaths are seen on vale and hill,
That tell of deeds that brave have left quite done,
Of throbbing heart-beats of mothers who lost or won
Brave ones; but foes arise to conquer still.
God keep our land from power of foreign might;
From sloth, oh, lift it to a noble height.

BEAUFORD HANSEN, '18.

To The Border

WE had heard much of the horror and awfulness of the European war but few of us could realize it. We talked about the horrors and even jested about the Germans. Perhaps it was the distance that made us fail to realize what actual warfare is. When the situation with Mexico grew tense and our troops were ordered to the border, war assumed a more serious aspect for us.

At the time of mobilization in Colorado, I happened to be in Denver. At all the stations khaki-clad soldiers stood in serious, business-like groups. The Colorado troops were among the first to be called "out" and the situation then seemed very grave. There was something fine about their broad shoulders and military manner. They seemed worthy of the trust we put in them—that of defending our nation. Those who had said good-bye to them realized this and struggled to put their country before their own personal feelings. But how hard it was for them, both the soldiers and those they left behind, to realize that grim war threatened; war of which they had heard so much but realized so little. I seemed to see such thoughts as these flood their minds as I looked out of the car window.

The band stirred the people as music will, and with a last look "our boys" straightened up, listened attentively to their orders and marched onward. The tramp of their feet seemed to sound like—"forward, onward." I wondered if they ever would make the joyful sound of "homeward, homeward!"

VIRGINIA VINCENT, Ex. '17.

FASTIDIOUS.

An old miner, living out in the mountains, was invited to the home of some wealthy cattle people for Thanksgving dinner. They also had some guests from the East. At dinner the host passed the old miner some celery which drew forth this remark, "Nope, don't eat the stuff—makes me belch."

Spring Flowers

We know that flowers are
To see and smell, and not to be described,
But now since Spring's arrived
The bright new buds on all the trees we see.
On all the hills near by
Bright poppies gleam, but in the fields below
Small yellow violets grow.
The daffodil and buttercup dotted
Here and there, look spotted
In a field of green, where children try
To catch the butterfly,
And small boys with eager hopes do try
To make sweet wreaths just for
The lassie which to them is daintier more
Than all the rest.

MARGARET GRAHAM, '18

The Green and White

Here's to the High School whose colors we wear,
Here's to the Green and White!
Green are our meadows in springtime so fair,
Our orchards so bounteous and bright.
White bloom our almonds, a wondrous sight,
And white gleam the snows on yon mountain's height.
Hail! Hail to the High School whose colors we wear,
Hurrah for the Banning High!

Here's to the High School whose colors we wear,
Here's to the Green and White!
No truer emblems does Nature prepare
To guide our hearts aright.
Green is for vigor, strength and youth,
And white is for purity, peace and truth.
Hail! Hail to the High School whose colors we wear,
Hurrah for the Banning High!

JESSIE M. ROBERTSON.

Workin' Dad

IN 'rithmetic at school our teacher, Miss Lunker, give us a nawful hard lesson. One of them problems was turible, none of us boys could work it 'tall. When supper was over I asked dad if he'd work it fer me. He sed, "Of course I will," so I got my 'rithmetic an' slate an' he started out ter work it fer me. Purty soon he took off his coat an' collar. Thin I kind a slipped 'round behind 'im ter see ther fun. He worked fer 'while more, thin he begin ter perspire turible an' jest kind a looked at it fer 'bout fifteen minutes. After he'd bin lookin' that way fer so long, he pulled out his watch'n looked at it and said he had to go down town. He didn't get home 'til I was plum 'sleep either'n he was gone next moren' afor I got awake.

RAYMOND HENDRICKS, '20.

Blank Verse

Were you ever in Banning in Spring-time?
When brown trees blossom forth in their splendor
Of snowy blossoms, fairy pink and white.
The almond first in clustering flowers rare,
The apricot and peach do follow hard
Upon, and then so many others come,
I think a mighty volume would not hold
The beauties of our little town, untold.
The johnny-jump-ups, little violets,—
The delicate, dainty, baby-blue eyes,—
While yellow poppies change the fields to gold.
Thus California flowers wondrous fine,
Do help to make this little country town
Most beautiful, the ever loved, Banning.

MAY HARGRAVE.

A Railroad Accident

AT last we were on the train. We had forgotten to buy our tickets at the station and had to pay ten per cent. more for them on the train. Just as father handed the tickets to the conductor, there was a crash at the front of the train. The jar took the conductor, who was shaped like a deformed barrel, by surprise and he tumbled to the floor. I have learned since that this was caused by the tendency of a body in motion to remain in motion unless influenced by some outside force. We were not concerned by the theory then and made a rush for the door. When we arrived outside we found that a freight train had crashed against our train and our train got the worst of it. Several windows were broken but no one was seriously hurt.

EDGAR McALLISTER, '20.

My Garden

My garden bed's a riot of glorious bloom!
Beneath the breath of May's sweet breeze,
Graceful hollyhocks stand in a stately row
Rainbow-tinted sweet peas climb o'er the fence;
The pansy and the violet beds are all aglow,
And marigolds along the graveled walks
Lift up their heads to catch the morning dew;
The incense from the china lilies fair,
Is wafted slowly on the balmy air,
To lure and hold the busy honey bee.

FRANCES GILMAN, '17.

"Tales of a Mermaid Tavern"

MACAULAY describes poetry as "the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colours." Of this art Noyes' work is surely a wonderful example. A continual change of style is one way by which he obtains this effect. He imitates the different styles of poetry that are related to what he is talking about; for songs he has a style, for each poet another, and for every occasion a separate and distinct style. He has pictures wonderfully painted. Take for an example,

"Under that foggy sunset London glowed,
Like one huge cob-webbed flagon of old wine!"

Where could you find this thought more fitly or beautifully expressed?

In weird descriptions Noyes seems to excel. He relates the story of the burial of a queen. On the way to the burial, at mid night, the ghosts of the dead queen's admirers surround the coffin, singing "like the night wind" in the "enormous silence" of the black mysterious night. Again they are

"Bowed shadows weeping,
Weeping, weeping, weeping, in a grief
That still was built of silence, like the drip
Of water from a frozen fountain head."

Again, in this wail from a murderer's heart, Noyes by means of his understanding of human nature and his great ability in portraying it accurately and poetically, makes us feel the despair and remorse of the man.

"Somebody has taught
The sea gulls how to wail around my hut
All night like lost souls, and there is a face,
A dead man's face that laughs in every storm,
And sleeps in every pool, along the coast."

In sharp contrast to this is the mirthful portrait of the king, which, although not full of beautiful poetry, nevertheless gives a vivid picture, showing how Noyes is able to understand and paint

the humorous side of life as well as the sorrowful. Speaking of the king, one of the frequenters of the Mermaid says,

"He waddled from the room, his rickety legs
Doubling beneath that great green featherbed
He calls his 'person.' "

By means of his power of understanding human nature and his mastery of language Noyes is able to give the most realistic and poetical pictures one could hope to find of the men who made "the spacious times of great Elizabeth." They are a happy, warm-hearted, philosophical set of men, each one as different from the others as the day the night, yet in spite of differences of age, character, wealth, or position, stauncher or truer friends would be hard to find. With great skill the author pictures his characters doing and saying just what would be expected of those very men in that very age, yet making them appear as real, human people in spite of the different age and different customs. He surrounds them with the atmosphere of the Elizabethan age picturing their life and character as if he had been present himself at the Mermaid to listen to and join in the gay talk of its frequenters.

Too, we find in these men the innate fineness and nobility of truly great men. An incident of "Big Ben" will show this. At the release of Jonson from prison the men were all rejoicing with singing and drinking at the Mermaid, when Ben's heroic old mother appeared to welcome her son back from death.

"And while Ben held
That gaunt old body sobbing against his heart,
Dekker, to make her think they paid no heed
Began to sing, and very softly, now,
Full forty voices echoed the refrain."

But Noyes introduces humorous touches in the midst of tears just as tears and laughter mingle in real life. Speaking of Ben Jonson he says:

"Humming a song upon that old black settle:
'Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not ask for wine!'
But meanwhile he drank Malmsey!"

By means of a humorous old gravedigger he makes us laugh.

"He buried generations of the poor,
A countless host, and thought no more if it
Than digging potatoes."

In his treatment of Shakespeare Noyes shows his greatest skill. The author's choice of words brings out as vivid a picture as a painter with his crayons could do: Shakespeare, of "a bearded oval face, young with deep eyes." He does not make him a prominent character but in spite of the fact he succeeds in making him appear the greatest character of all of the great characters. Shakespeare mingles sociably with them all in the Mermaid Inn, giving and returning jokes, having as good a time as any, loved and looked up to by the men, overawed by no one, not even by the pompous, haughty Bacon, seemingly one with the others; yet throughout the book it is noticeable that Shakespeare does not indulge so freely in wine, utter quite the same rough language or have quite the same philosophy as the others.

So, having once read Noyes' "Tales," we can never again feel that these men are strange or remote, but rather must they be to us real, truly human friends.

RUTH MULLEN, '17.

To The Desert

To you, most wonderful of spacious sands,
To you, our California Desert wide,—
Unequaled except in Sahara lands,—
That stretches many miles from mountain side;
To you my meager sonnet I address.
On you, O luring sands and desert brush,
At evening in your mystic purple dress,
The brooding darkness falls with peaceful hush;
Beneath the barren rocks you hold great wealth
For man, when by the love of riches pressed.
To bring back happiness and glowing health
Your sands do offer us a place of rest.
O, sands, wide stretching in gold and purple state,
I cannot all your wonders half relate.

MAY HARGRAVE, '17.

The San Gorgonio Pass

THIS pass was once filled with many tribes of Indians. Over each tribe presided a chief. Sometimes these chiefs were warlike and sometimes peaceful. The most important of these chiefs were Cabazon and Juan Antonio, who was probably part Spanish.

In those days this whole pass was covered with a rank growth of wild grasses, mesquite, yucca, cactus and many varieties of wild flowers. Herds of antelope roamed the plains unmolested. Grizzly bears and mountain lions frequently attacked the settlers' stock.

In 1855 the first government surveyors arrived in the pass and established boundary lines. After this many more settlers, attracted by the fine pasture lands, bringing with them herds of cattle and sheep, arrived.

In 1861 a stage line was established from Los Angeles to Ehrenburg, Arizona. Later this stage line was operated by General Banning, for whom this town was named.

In 1862 an epidemic of smallpox swept the country, killing hundreds of Indians. Among those who died was Chief Juan Antonio. After this the Indians were so few in number they were no longer troublesome.

The Southern Pacific railroad was established in 1876. This made the country much more desirable for settlers. It made transportation easier and opened a way for the present industries. Gradually the once uncultivated pass grew into our thriving community.

MARIAN GILMAN, '20.

The Explosion at Ravensdale

RAVENSDALE is a little coal-mining town in the northwestern part of Washington. The population was fifteen hundred and the majority were men who worked in the mines. These mines were unusually dangerous for the reason that it seemed impossible to control the gases. No matter how hard the superintendent tried to enforce the safety rules the danger still prevailed. In spite of this fact they were unwilling to abandon it because of its richness. Every morning they dampened the mine down. This prevented to some extent the danger from black damp, or coal dust, which mixes with the gas and explodes. The workmen were naturally much interested in mine rescue work and after working-hours they drilled, always keeping in mind the fact that some day it might be the means of saving life.

The day of the accident was like a hundred other winter days, cold, damp and misty. Every man on the day shift had left his home. The wash house was crowded with men from the night shift, some still black with the grime of the mines. The mines had again settled down to their hum of toil.

Suddenly a loud report rent the air. As if directed by one mind every man ran for the windows. Another explosion followed, then just the smoke pouring out of the shaft. Something had happened at the mines. All the men crowded to the doors; some one threw them open and they all ran pell-mell for the mouth of the mines. Fire was now spreading in great tongues.

By this time the women and children crowded near, too. It was a rule of the company to try to give the men with families work on the day shift, in order that they might enjoy their homes at night. So it was the husbands and fathers who had been caught by the explosion. At the report the women and children had rushed down to the mines. Some of them were only partly dressed and they stood shivering with fear and cold at the mouth of the mines.

Only one man seemed to know what to do. He was a little man whom every one had ridiculed when he gallantly offered to train the Mine Rescue Team. But he had been made captain over men twice his size and at this time proved his worth, I'm sure. He now called his men together, ordered them to buckle on their suits and start the rescue work. By this time guards had beeen placed at the entrance shaft to prevent the nearly frantic women from attempting to enter the mines.

The little band of men went bravely down into the threatening blackness, perhaps to death. Three-quarters of an hour of suspense for those waiting, then one after another the men staggered to the air, each one carrying upon his shoulders a dead comrade. Brave though they were this rescue team could not carry on the work unaided. So a general alarm was sent to all the Mine Rescue Teams in the state. Every one rallied to the cause. All the First Aid Teams came, too. The oxygen tanks, which were strapped on the back of each rescuer, had to be filled every eight hours. There were times when members of the crew had to be carried up. The First Aid Team worked faithfully to try to save the precious lives. They used pulmotors. A mask was placed over the nose and mouth, and by pumping oxygen into the inert bodies they were sometimes successful in restoring respiration.

Some of the men seemed possessed of superhuman strength. Time after time they came up merely to take a cup of strong black coffee and returned to the awful work of digging out the unfortunate laborers. Some of them worked for thirty-six hours without sleeping. Three days and three nights they toiled on, never giving up hope of finding at least some of the men alive. Once a note book was found beside two men. The last entry was written three hours before the rescue party arrived. The toll of life was one hundred fifty-six. Only four lives were saved.

Ravensdale is just a deserted village now. It took a hundred fifty-six human lives to teach the people that money got at such risk was not worth having.

VIVIAN GWENDOLYN BOTTING, '18.

To Banning High School

High School, to whom our youthful years have clung,
Happy days within your walls are numbered,
Where hopes, plans and ambitions never slumbered,
And on whose walls our hard-earned laurels hung,

To thee we long have loyal praises sung,
And with regret our loving ties are sundered.
How to go on without you we have wondered,
With fears of untrod paths at college stung.

Students, comrades of many a merry feast,
And you, our faithful teachers kind and true,
We pay this simple tribute unto you;

Your earnest work with us has never ceased.
Commencement Day is swiftly drawing nigh.
Farewell to thee, our dear old Banning High.

FRANCES GILMAN, '17.

CLASS HISTORY

COUNT four years back, to a hot September morn,
And you will see nine Freshies standing 'round
With wondering admiration on each face
To see how older students are at ease,
For we were greenest Freshies that e'er came
When toiling at the grammar school did cease.
This shyness soon we lost; and then took part
In thrilling baseball games to soon excel;
Had weinie bakes, gay parties, and hay rides,
Till June did end our Freshmen year. But lest
That you should have occasion to forget
Our classmen, I will name them o'er to you:
First Frances Gilman, Harold Wiefels tall;
And Logan Holcomb by his pompadour;
Fair Ruth Mullen took music for her art;
To furnish wit was Agnes Mackey bright;
Nor did we lack gay jesters for there were
Red Harry Hunt and Charley Gandy, too;
Virginia Vincent soon arrived to wear,
In spring, the learned locks, in honored state;
The thoughtful Pearl McCoy soon left our school;
Then Ruby Nowlin, Mark Martin did choose
Also to leave our school; and following them
Was Della Lee; and last is May Hargrave.

The second year as Sophomores, you know,
We lost the Freshies' love of gayety;
And thus as follows such a loss, became
As wise a Sophomore class as ever was.
We then went quietly to study hard
On Caesar's Gallic War, Geometry;
And compositions did we write galore.
In athletics we took small part this year.

Then seven of us Jolly Juniors go
With laughter and much song to school each day,
Remembering all of Freshies' gayety,
With Sophomore's wise saws forgotten all.
And in the spring, to honor Seniors proud
We gave a party on a fair May day;
And all enjoyed games, or so they said;
And on the table, placed a May pole gay,

With colors streaming, red and white, each way.
To end the banquet toasts they did relate
To please the Senior's dignity in state.
In athletics we took a part this year
To win in basketball, green laurel crowns.

But some have come and some have gone.
Six students bear the banner of the class this year,
We noble Seniors have the privilege
Of purchasing class rings or pins, but we
Did lose our dignity on this, for how
Agreement can be made, when some want this
And some want that, is more than I can see.
At last to our great joy
Arrived the shining rings and dainty pins.
A picnic to Palm Springs did joy bring
To chaperons, a-sleeping 'neath a palm,
And couples wandering idly o'er the rocks,
And artists painting desert scenes most fine.
When homeward bound, we met a fierce sandstorm,
To let the autos pass, we used our hands
To shove away the sand collecting deep.

The end of our school life is drawing near.
Through all our days an influence kind has run;
The influence of our principal, who with
A steady hand did guide our course most sure
Through stormy waves to peaceful shore beyond.
Ever cheering when our courage failed;
Ever helping with our problems hard;
Until we owe to him all that we have
Of education.

And now we look back, surveying all,
Since we as Freshmen came to Banning High,
And think of many good old times gone by,
We wonder if our life to come can hold
So many innocent fond joys. We sigh
For we must say farewell to you, our school.

MAY HARGRAVE, '17.

CLASS WILL

WE, the Senior Class of 1917, of the Union High School, of the city of Banning, county of Riverside, state of California, of the United States of America, being of sound mind and aware of the certainty of our departure, do make and declare this our last will and testament, and through the generosity of our hearts do solemnly bequeath our belongings in the following manner:

I. To the worthy teachers: Pleasant memories of our ability and studiousness.

II. To the Student Body: The privilege of following our example of having high aims.

III. To the Juniors: Our dignified way of celebrating. By following our example you may be saved some vacant spots on your report cards.

IV. To Mr. Blee: The memory of the number of E's he has given us in deportment.

V. To Miss Roripaugh: Our love of Chaucer and Shakespeare.

VI. To Miss Robertson: Our love of Caesar. Beware; don't let it overflow as we do ours. Also Logan leaves his "que" which he thinks he has used quite enough.

VII. Frances bequeathes a portion of her ability to concentrate her mind on her studies to Myrtle Morris. Take it, Myrtle, and use it to good advantage for thereby you may win the laurels of your class. Her agreeable turn of mind she leaves with Joe, being somewhat concerned for his future as all guardians naturally are.

VIII. Eva leaves her quiet, genteel manner to Harold Ellis. He is requested to use it not only in general science but also in the study hall.

IX. Ruth hesitatingly leaves her art of hair-dressing (and curls) to Elizabeth Hendricks. The recipe will be found in her vanity bag in her desk. She has refused to part with it until the last day of school. As she intends to get a new set of brains when she goes to college, she leaves the ones she now possesses to Orville Purpus.

X. May leaves her stately height to Chester Hendricks. Get up and grow, Chester. Here's hoping you obtain the same some day. Her "voys as smal as eny goat" she leaves with Marion Butler, hoping future generations may say of him, "noght a word spak he more than was nade," Instead of "Hearest thou this great voice that shakes the world."

XI. Logan leaves his position as "Senior girls' pet" to Beauford. See if you can make as good a ladies' man as Logan has. Also his executive ability he leaves to one of the Juniors. Most important of Logan's possessions is his heart which he has guarded very carefully during his High School life. But now that departure from this life seems inevitable, he has, in a secret codicil, disposed of it to a Junior girl.

XII. Agnes has consented, much against her will, to leave her much-loved books behind for the special benefit of the Juniors. Her gift of oratory she bequeaths to whomsoever shall appear most fit.

AGNES MACKEY, '17.

Class of '17

Soon sadly will this noble class depart,
To seek, perchance, regions of higher wit,
And thus to this kind world more useful be.
We take and hope to leave behind sweet thoughts.
To those who soon will follow in our steps;
Kind thanks to those who willingly gave aid
To us Seniors who toiled so faithfully.
To higher things let one and all aspire,
Our aim, press on e'en to a worthy goal;
Thus shall we be, in truth, a noble class.

AGNES MACKEY.

CLASS PROPHECY

HAVING been a student of the occult for many years, the future is like an open book to me. I have always reserved this remarkable power for my own use so far, but having been asked to write the class prophecy, I feel dutybound to tell the whole truth.

The class has learned that I am going to perform this duty and each one has informed me of her future plans.

Ruth wants to be a linguist and music teacher, and at present she thinks it all settled. But as I gaze into my crystal sphere I do not see this future for her. It tells me that she will master many languages but will never be a teacher. Her career will be much more exciting and dangerous than this. She will be a United States spy in Germany and much valuable information will come to our officers through her efforts. Ruth, you will escape the fate of a spy, only to be mortally wounded by one of Cupid's darts. But this is the secret desire of all girls, anyway.

Frances tells me that she expects to be a high school teacher. I have looked into my sphere from every angle hoping to see this future for her. Alas, it is impossible. Frances will be capable of teaching High School, but her services will be needed more elsewhere. As I look I see her cultivating the potato and the succulent onion. This will be a very honorable task and many of our loyal girls will have to do likewise, so I would advise Frances to study the art of farming. Let me add, never plant potatoes in the light of the moon. After the war Frances' desires would be fulfilled, but alas. A war aviator will alight on one of her fields and Cupid's dart will do the rest.

Agnes wishes to be a missionary with "P. K." This will be impossible because my crystal tells me that these two lives will diverge widely. It isn't the purpose of this paper to tell P. K.'s future so I will continue with Agnes. As I look I see Agnes three years hence. She wears a blue uniform, a cap with a gold band around it, and hanging from her shoulders is a metal case containing four cylinders which hold nickels, dimes, quarters, and half dollars respectively. She will never be a missionary, for her service as a street car conductor answering all sorts of fool questions will change her kind and loving disposition to a great ex-

tent. Eventually she will become a school teacher and will follow this profession until she meets her Waterloo—Matrimony.

May wishes to enter the social whirl, but alas, this is the picture I see. It is night and oh, what a night it is. It is so black that I can hardly see the picture. The wind is blowing furiously and rain and sleet are falling in sheets. An automobile is fighting its way over a lonely road. The scene changes. It is still the same wild night but the automobile is standing in front of a hut and inside this humble home I see a dying man and bending over him is May. Yes, she is going to be a doctor. I feel sorry for her, for such scenes as these will be a common occurrence. Looking into your future, Dr. May, I see naught but the constant call of stricken humanity, so let us hasten on to Eva Smith.

Eva, you wish to be a nurse, but my crystal says no. You will be a moving picture star, doing dare-devil stunts that girls of this profession do, and after a few years of acting you will have your own company, and from what I can see Mary Pickford won't be in it when it comes to making money. You will have many proposals by person and letter and of course it will be hard to choose, so I will give you a little advice. When a man with light hair, brown eyes, and a red mustache comes along accept him, for he is the one that should be your future husband.

As for the lone male member, he will die an old bachelor, though scratched by Cupid's darts many times. His most brilliant achievement will be in connection with the siege of Berlin, where, from an aeroplane above the city, with the sure aim of his basketball days, he will hurl bombs down into the city. He later will become the first socialist president of Germany and dies at last, full of years and honor.

Class of '18

Myrtle Morris, Margaret Graham, Beauford Hansen, Vivian Botting, Lillian Heustis.

SCHOOL NOTES

September twenty-second, the student body introduced the "Freshies" into the social life of the Banning High School. A kid party, which was considered very appropriate, was given them. All-day suckers and animal cookies kept them quiet for awhile, and then cornucopias and punch were served.

On December fourteenth the student body went to Beaumont to a basketball game. The boys all went in Fords, while the girls followed in the truck, with Miss Roripaugh as chaperon. Although we were defeated, our spirits were not crushed. We came home and had a weinie bake in the wash south of town. Instigated by Dinsmore Taylor, we played "Wind the Clock," "Flying Dutchman" and "Crack the Whip," around the fire.

The first year Latin and Spanish classes, on January twenty-sixth had a ten o'clock feed at Hotel Banning. Miss Robertson acted as chaperon.

On February first, the Senior class enjoyed Mrs.H. C. Mullen's hospitality at dinner in honor of Ruth's birthday. Joseph made the place cards, which were of the "sweet girl graduate."

On the evening of February twenty-second, the students and teachers of the High School participated in a colonial dinner. Miss Hills was our guest of honor. Nearly all came dressed as in the time of Washington. Marion Butler and Katherine Urton were the host and hostess for the evening, while Ruth Mullen, Frances Gilman, Beauford Hansen and Joe Mullen were the French maids and butlers. After dinner we all retired to the library to play games, under the supervision of Miss Robertson.

At eight o'clock, March tenth, with the thermometer within an easy range of zero, we gathered at the High School. At last our dream had come true; we were really going to Palm Springs, a trip we had been looking forward to taking all year. There were four machines which transported us across the desert.

We reached Palm Springs in good time but did not stop. Palm Canyon is only six miles further on than the Springs, so it did not take long to reach it.

We walked up to the Hermit's Cabin, before we ate our lunch, and there he entertained us by playing on a Hawaiian guitar. When we came back it was beginning to sprinkle, but we gathered in groups under palm trees, and enjoyed our lunch all the same. In the afternoon some of the party took naps, others pictures, and a few painted landscapes. About five o'clock, we started for Andreas Canyon to eat supper, and thus finish the day. When we reached Andreas Canyon, we found the wind blowing down the canyon at a good gait. It was impossible to build a fire here so we ate our steak and pie on the desert between the canyon and the Springs. That evening, coming around the Whitewater Point, the wind began to blow the sand in gusts, and some of the machines got stuck. We reached home about ten o'clock and as we all bade each other good-night, we wished that we might pass another such day.

The second annual Forensic Contest was held at Beaumont, Friday, May fourth. The contest was open to all High Schools of Riverside County, but San Jacinto, Perris, Beaumont and Banning were the only schools represented. The Beaumont High School orchestra played several selections in opening, and then the audience sang "America." The Declamations were then delivered with Edgar McAllister representing our Freshman class. The orchestra again played, and five minutes was alo given us to make our "noise" in. The stories were next read, with Joseph Mullen representing the Sophomore class. At noon the Beaumont High School served a cafeteria luncheon in the basement The afternoon session opened at half past one with music, and then the essays were read. Margaret Graham represented the Junior class. After this there was more music, and another five minutes for the songs and yells of the different schools, and then the orations were delivered. Agnes Mackey represented the Senior class. While Banning did not bring home the laurels she

had hoped for, nevertheless our representatives covered themselves and our school with honor.

Here's to every Senior, come!
Be sure to bring a smile.
Leave your dignity at home,
For Junior fun there'll be a pile.

This was the invitation the Junior class sent out to the class of '17 for the evening of May eleventh. The whole school was also invited to participate. Many original games were played, which only the Jolly Juniors could invent. Later in the evening supper was served, with a table reserved for the Seniors, which was decorated with their colors, crimson and silver. The other tables carried out the color scheme of the Juniors, blue and gold.

The dignified Seniors combined with the lowly Sophomores in giving a grand jollification in honor of Banning High, the memorable event occurring on May eighteenth. The function took place on the gayly lighted croquet grounds and celebrated the approach of the good old summer time.

On the evening of May twenty-fifth the Girls' Glee Club of the High School staged the operetta, "The Japanese Girl," under the direction of Miss Roripaugh and Miss Robertson. The scene was laid in beautiful Japan, at the celebration of the twenty-first birthday of O Hana San.

Cast of Characters

Ethel White.....O Hana San
Ruth Mullen.....O Kika San
Lillian Heustis.....O Kayo San
Margaret Graham.....Chaya—The maid
Marian Moojen, May Hargrave.....Dora-Nora, the American Twins
Marian Gilman.....Miss Knowall—The Governess

Japanese Drill

Ruth Mullen	Katherine Urton	Marian Urton
Vivian Botting	Frances Gilman	Mabel Stanley
Eva Smith	Elizabeth Hendricks	Margaret Graham

Senior class day comes on June seventh this year. Their plans for the day are shrouded in mystery, but, in the evening, it is whispered, they will stage a comedy farce, and their Class History, Prophecy and Will will be read.

The Commencement Exercises will be held at the Club House, June eighth. Dr. Clelland of Occidental will deliver the address. Frances Gilman and May Hargrave, who share equally the scholastic honors of 1917, have been chosen as commencement speakers for the class. Those who graduate this year are: Ruth Mullen, Agnes Mackey, Logan Holcomb, Frances Gilman, May Hargrave and Eva Smith.

Songs and Yells

Tune: "Hello, Hawaii."

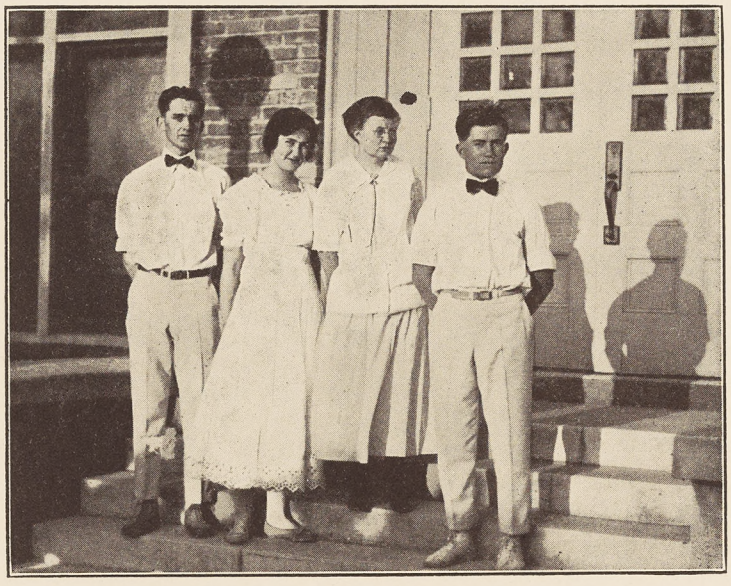
Hello, opponents! How do you do!
We have come to win the cup from you,
We're sure we can!
We'll give a cheer, we'll give a cheer for Banning,
We know that our school will beat you all right,
For we have some stunts very clever, very bright
That we think will put all the others out of sight,
So three cheers for Banning. Our dear Banning High!
(Three cheers).

Hurrah for the Green! Hurrah for the White!
Hurrah for Banning, she's all right!
Who's all right?
Ban-ning!

Tune: "Boola Boola."

Boola, boola, boola, boola,
Boola, boola, boola, boola,
We will surely win the honors,
Win the honors for Banning High!

Class of '19



Joseph Mullen,
Katherine Urton,
Elizabeth Hendricks,
Chester Hendricks

Class of '20

Top row, left to right: Jay Hargrave, Harold Ellis, Jay Nichols, Raymond Hendricks, Marion Butler, Edgar McAllister, Orville Purpus.

Lower: Mabel Stanley, Ethel White, Marian Gilman, Marian Urton, Marian Moojen

School Calendar

Jan. 2. Jay Nichols fell asleep this afternoon in English.

Jan. 3. Orville Purpus and Eva Smith came in fifteen minutes late.

Jan. 4. Jay Hargrave asked Marian Urton to change her name.

Jan. 5. Stanton asked to walk home with Lillian, but she had a date with Chester.

Jan. 16. Marian Gilman was caught by Miss Roripaugh, sliding down the banisters. This is a Freshman stunt.

Jan. 19. Josie came to school this morning wearing her hair in the height of fashion, (which was on the top of her head).

Jan. 21. Beauford and Marian Moojen ran a race (in blushing).

Jan. 25 and 26. Quarterly exams. A few of the Freshies escaped.

Jan. 30. Josie fell down the stairs this afternoon, and Marian Urton on top of her. They stopped at the landing. The school extends its sympathy to Josie.

Jan. 31. Student Body meeting this morning. Geometry class did not meet which was well for the wise Sophs.

Feb. 1. Girls' Glee Club met again.

Feb. 2. Everything is quiet and fair, although the east wind is blowing.

Feb. 5. Nothing to record.

Feb. 6. Logan shocked Miss Roripaugh by telling her when the Battle of Waterloo was fought.

Feb. 7. Ethel's belt was found hanging on the chandelier in the Assembly Hall. Surely she hadn't been pole vaulting.

Feb. 9. Frances and Joe were late as usual.

Feb. 14. Gym girls had their first lesson in folk dancing.

Feb. 16. There is a new Junior girl to-day. Chester is quite fussed.

Feb. 21. Why is everybody sleepy this morning? (You know why).

Feb. 22. In the morning we had a patriotic program, and in the afternoon a vacation.

Feb. 23. Lillian put the school in a tumult, by a certain announcement.

Feb. 24. The croquet courts were initiated.

Mar. 5. Bess Wade returned home to Stockton, much to the regret of the whole school.

Mar. 8. Josie has grown tired of our fair city, so has exiled herself at Raywood Flats.

Mar. 9. Elizabeth Betcher has also departed from our city, and has gone to Los Angeles.

Mar. 13. Jitney has hung out his shingle as a "Love Specialist."

Mar. 14. What's the matter with the south end of town; they were all five minutes late.

Mar. 15—30. The whole school is asleep.

April 2—9. Spring vacation.

April 9. Everyone was present to-day.

April 10. Nothing happened because everyone studied.

April 11. Why did Jay Nichols look at Miss Roripaugh, in the assembly hall, and then snatch off his cap?

April 12. Joe and Frances monopolized the croquet courts this noon.

April 13. Also Friday. Logan and Lillian did the same thing to-day.

April 18. Vivian has returned to school.

April 19. War was declared between Stanton and Joe. Battle fought before church.

April 20. Stanton came to school with a very black eye.

April 27. Mr. Blee saw a yellow, a green and a red coat coming up the street. He thought the Mexican army had been turned loose.

April 28. The boys and even Mr. Blee spent the noon hour playing nigger baby.

April 30. This A. M. Raymond found a note in his desk, ordering him to put it in order. Thinking this was from headquarters, he made himself fifteen minutes late to class. Query, who wrote the note?

May 1. Joe kindly suggested that Katherine invest in a chin strap. (For reducing double chins).

May 4. The second annual Forensic Contest held at Beaumont.

May 7. The girls' looking glass was broken. Ruth was looking in it too hard.

May 20. Ethel and Chet at last parted, but Chet had a scratch on his upper lip.

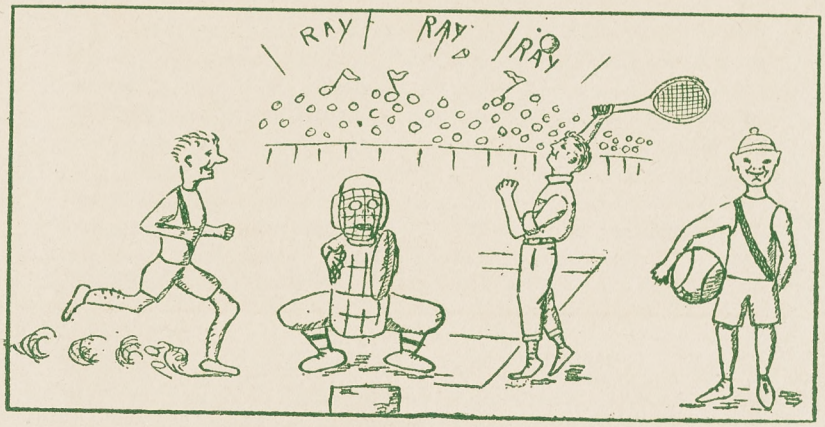
May 24. Myrtle and Beauford caught whispering in corridor. Beauford turned to that beautiful shade of rose.

May 24. Ethel caught in Prof's room with six boys.

May 25. Happened again to-day.

High School Basket Ball Team

Left to right: Harold Ellis, Beauford Hansen, Joseph Mullen, Jay Hargrave, Logan Holcomb, Chester Hendricks, Stanton Ryrie.



ATHLETICS

THE High School as a whole, has gone in for sports more than ever this year. The first of the year, we joined the Riverside County Athletic League. Contests were held in the following sports: Basketball, track, tennis and baseball.

Basketball came first in the fall. This is only the second year that we have played this game, and it was rather new to most of us. From the very first the boys worked hard. Saturday, the 11th of November, we played our first league game with Hemet. Owing to an accident, one of our guards did not show up, so we had to play without him. Because we were on a strange court, and it was the first game for most of the team, we were nervous. The members of the opposing team were a head taller, and weighed more than our boys, so we were outclassed by the older and more experienced team. At times our boys got the ball and started into their old passing game, but were unable to score very much, and were defeated.

The boys were not very much disheartened, but practiced harder than ever. We were greatly handicapped on account of not having a strong second team with players that could be substituted for the others, and put up a stiff game. Mr. Blee helped us, and also Mr. Robert Scarborough, who came down every night to coach us. Although our team was not so very promising, he helped us through the season, and the team feels very grateful for his coaching.

The second game of the season was played on the home ground against San Jacinto. In this game the boys drew first blood. At the end of the first half, our visitors had a slight lead, which they held throughout the remainder of the game, winning by a small score.

The third game was played with Beaumont on our home court. It was a very close game from start to finish. First one side, then the other would get the lead. Beaumont got more of the fouls that were thrown than we did, and at the end of the first half, the visitors had one point more. In the first of the second half, our boys quickly took the lead, but towards the last the Beaumont team began to catch up. It was anybody's game until the last second. The score was nineteen to twenty in our favor. Everyone was much encouraged.

Thanksgiving Day we played a game with the town team. Every one of the other team was larger and older. Before the start the men thought basketball was a ladies' game, but they soon changed their minds. They ran around with the sweat pouring down their faces, and looked very much chagrined when some little fellow would come up and take the ball away from them. The town team was one or two points to the good at the end of the first half, but that was taken from the second team. The second half, our first team ran up a large score upon them.

The next game of the series was played with Hemet, on our home grounds, and we were planning to give them a warm reception. The first half we had the ball most of the time, and when the whistle blew, we had a score of seven to twelve on them. The next half the other team had the ball, and our boys could not get started, getting only one more score. The score was fourteen to twenty-five in their favor, but it was considered our best game. A great deal of good playing was shown. Our guard was laid out for good, and some others were hurt.

Our boys did not put up as good a game as usual at San Jacinto, and were again defeated by them.

Our last game was played with the Beaumont High, on their grounds, and was expected to be a very close game. In the first half, one of their guardsmen was injured and was taken out of the game. In the first part our rivals got a lead on us, but in the second half we gained rapidly. It was anyone's game until the last minute but our boys were unable to make the coveted score.

Our line-up for the season was as follows:

Joseph Mullen, Logan Holcomb.....Forwards
Jay Hargrave.....Center
Chester Hendricks, Beauford Hansen, Marion Butler.....Guards
Milton Gandy, Jay Nichols, Harold Ellis, Raymond Hendricks,
Stanton Ryrie.....Second Team and Substitutes

Track

In the spring we practiced track but were unable to attend the big track meet, on account of rain.

Sprints—440 mile and half mile..L. Holcomb, C. and R. Hendricks
Hurdles.....J. Mullen, C. Hendricks
Vaulting.....M. Butler, J. Mullen
Field Events.....J. Hargrave, Holcomb, C. Hendricks
High Jump .....Mullen
We had a pretty good Relay Team.....
.....Holcomb, Mullen, Butler, C. Hendricks

Tennis

Mullen and Holcomb will represent us at the county tennis tournament, to be held May 19th.

Logan Holcomb.....Singles
Holcomb and Mullen.....Doubles

We have not been able to get up a High School baseball team this year for lack of material, but hope to next year.

Other very important and exciting sports that should not be forgotten are Nigger Baby and Croquet. I am sure the fellow who goes up against the wall, will not forget about Nigger Baby.

La Revista

NINETEEN HUNDRED SEVENTEEN

VOLUME II.

EDITORIAL STAFF

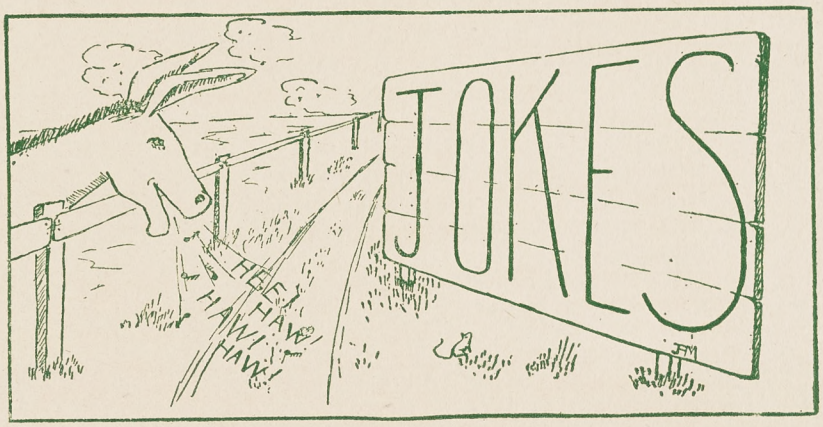
Logan Holcomb, '17.....Editor-in-Chief
Frances Gilman, '17.....Assistant Editor
Ruth Mullen, '17.....Literary Editor
Katherine Urton, '19.....Social Editor
Chester Hendricks, '19.....Athletic Editor
Joseph Mullen, '19.....Art Editor
Raymond Hendricks, '20.....Comic Editor
Beauford Hansen, '18.....Business Manager
Edgar McAllister, '20.....Assistant Business Manager

Editorial

In putting forth this second edition of "La Revista" we hope it will meet with approval and success. It is our aim to make this product of the High School something that everybody will look forward to, each year.

"La Revista" regrets the backwardness of many writers of talent and high repute. That its pages may be overflowing with the cream of literature and humor, it requires the co-operation of every student. Each student owns part interest in "La Revista" and each one is responsible for its failure or success.

We wish to take this opportunity to express our gratitude and appreciation to the business firms who have placed advertisements with us. We hope that they will be repaid in a large measure, for making possible the publishing of "La Revista."



ALL BUT THE TAIL.

Miss Robertson—"Chester, give the principal part of piget."
Chester—"Pigo, pigere, squeali, gruntum."

—◈—

A GOOD HINT.

Marian Urton—"I'm glad my name is Urton."
Jay Hargrave—"I'd change it."

—◈—

SOME FALL.

Raymond, (translating in Latin)—"The man fell from the river into the bridge, without any danger."

—◈—

THINKING OF MARRYIN'.

Jay Hargrave (to Raymond)—"I am going to make peace; I've been a bachelor long enough."

—◈—

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Lillian—"I wish I could play the piano."
Katherine—"You don't wish it any more than I do."

NO WONDER.

Vivian—"Oh! how my head aches!"
Myrtle—"You must have been up late last night."
Vivian—"No, I wasn't, I went to bed with the chickens."
Elizabeth—"Well, then it isn't much wonder it aches."

ALWAYS THE GOAT.

Miss Roripaugh—"Is that right, Harold "
Mosie—"Yeh."
Miss Roripaugh—"What?"
Mosie—"YEH."
Miss Roripaugh—"WHAT'S THAT?"
Mosie—"Yes, ma'am."

OIL'EM.

Miss Brown—"What is that squeaking noise?"
Edgar (whispering to R. H.)—"The girls' brains are rusty and they are trying to think."

MATTER ENOUGH

Miss Robertson to Orville Purpus—"What's the matter, did you have an accident?"
Orville—"It was no accident, the PROF. did it on purpose."

WHY NOT.

Heard in manual training: Mr. Blee—"Joe, don't try to drive that nail with a plane. For goodness sakes, use your head!"

Beauford (taking Joe's part)—"No wonder he is so skinny; everybody picks on him."
Chet—"I am afraid to let my belt out a notch for fear it might get loose."
Mrs. Mullen—"Chet, you and Joe can wash the dishes and you will forget about your other troubles."
R. H.—"Being too full is no trouble."

Prof. Blee (in physics)—"What is the best metal for conductors?"
Logan—"Nickel."

ESTRAYED?

Mr. Erickson (reading directions on board in Algebra room) ' "Find the Least Common Multiple of (x—|—y) and (x2—|—2xy —|—y2).' 'Well, if that isn't the limit! I've been asked to find every sort of a lost article since I've been janitor in this school, but I'll resign before I find those things."

LOCAL ART.

Favorite expressions of Miss Nunn:
"Darkest dark against the lightest light.
Use a little purple.
Oh! that is a good start—
Background is a little dark, please.
I don't feel that, h'm-m-m———
You haven't the character in it."

LEARNED SENIOR.

Miss Roripaugh (in history class): "What did George Washington do for his country?"

Logan: "He gave it an extra holiday."

WONDER WHY?

Wanted by Miss Nunn: "One perfectly good man who can cook."

Object—Matrimony.

TEACHERS' NOTICE!

Teacher—"Why do you not speak louder when you recite?"
Pupil—"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

—Ex.

LATIN?

Cannibals.

May H. (translating from Virgil)—"They filled themselves with Bacchus."

Some Stunt.

Mabel—"He rose up on one hand and sat down on the other."

"IN THE SWEET BY AND BY."

Miss Nunn expressed her plans for the future to a young man and received this reply—"Couldn't we do this better together?"

(Editor. This is a suggestion of no little Merritt).

—◈—

WANTED.

Logan—"Oh! I say have a heart!"

Frances, eagerly—"Yours? Sure!"

—◈—

RASH!

Vivian (playing cards and speaking to a younger onlooker, who had been told to go to bed)—"Hurry up, my love."

Logan, hastily looking over his cards—"All right."

—◈—

WELL DONE.

"Are you going home for dinner, Beauf?"

Beauford—"No, I get a roast in history every afternoon and that is good in quantity."

—◈—

ADVICE.

Upper Classman—"Say, you'd better keep your eyes open around here."

Marian Gilman—"W-W-Why?"

Upper Classman—"Guess you'd look funny going around with them shut."

—◈—

INFORMATION.

Miss Roripaugh: "Jay Nichols, what did you say?"

Jay: "Nothing."

Miss Roripaugh: "I didn't ask what it amounted to, I asked what you said."

—◈—

ACROBATIC STUNTS.

Marion Butler (translating in Latin)—"The general had been wounded by an arrow and could not stand on his head."

A BALLAD OF MUSIC.

O hearken, a noise from the study hall comes,
In sooth, how it hurteth my ears,
'Tis e'en like the howling of nocturnal cats
That were frightened by many fears.

A boy to see what the matter was
We quickly sendeth up there,
He cometh down in minutes two
And tumbleth down the stairs.

"O! why, and O! why, dost thou act that way?"
An innocent bystander said,
"Canneth the noise immediately,
Or into the office be led."

"What causedest thou all that trouble?" I asked,
"That trouble has caused for thee,
That chased thee down the stairs just now
For thou came down right speedily?"

I must not describe them: I must be gallant,
I saw: then my toe I did stub,
They call the noise singing, as I am told,
And themselves the "Girls' Glee Club."

EDGAR McALLISTER, '20.

—◈—

SOME ANTECEDENT.

Edgar, (figuring out words on the blackboard):
"What does antecedent mean? Let's see, ante means before. If a COW were walking backwards HIS tail would be HIS antecedent."

—◈—

"PIGS IS PIGS."

Bobbie Blee—"What is that you have on your ears, Mosie?"
Harold—"That's the trouble with lemon pie; I tried to eat one."

—◈—

BRIGHT.

Miss Robertson—"What is an optimist?"
Harold Ellis—"An eye specialist."

WOULD FORTIFY BANNING.

Miss Roripaugh: "Now they could put a machine gun over here on the top of San Jacinto and shoot the Mexicans as they come up the Pass, or they could put some dynamite under the peak and blow it off on them."

—◈—

LEARNED DEFINITIONS.

Monroe's administration is known as "the error of good-feeling."

Hymen is a ballad writer.

Frieze means ruffles.

—◈—

MORE GLEE CLUB.

Miss Roripaugh (to Miss Robertson): "Are you going to have Ethel's part now?"

Miss Robertson: "No, we just started that to get rid of the boys."

—◈—

MOSIE RECITES.

Mosie: "She hollered for her father."

Miss Roripaugh: "No! the Lady of the lake wouldn't hollo.'

Mosie: "She yelled."

CURTAIN!

—◈—

GOOD REASON.

Miss Roripaugh—"Girls read more boys' books than boys read girls' books.

Voice from the rear of the room, "Shows their wisdom."

—◈—

TOO SLIM.

Miss Robertson (in Latin I.):

"There are two persons absent today, Marian Gilman and Mabel Stanley. Paul Kaler, you will have to make up for them."

—◈—

OBSERVING.

Miss Brown—"Did you see if the butcher had pig's feet?"

K. U.—"No, I couldn't; he had on boots."

APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE.

Joe's aunt was amazed by the appetite exhibited by him during a stay in her household.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed one day, "You certainly eat a lot for such a slim little fellow."

"I expect," he replied, "that I ain't so slim as I look from the outside."

POOR JITNEY.

English Teacher—"Jay Nichols, ask some one if they don't think that Achilles was a greater hero than Odysseus."

Jitney—"If I was to ask anyone that they would say that I was ready for Patton."

STEWED TEACHER.

R. H.—"Where is Miss Brown?"

M. G.—"Down stairs, cooking."

B. E. H.—"When will she be done?"

CRUEL SPORT.

Miss Roripaugh—"Harold, don't bend your book back like that. How would you like it if some one were to take you by the heels and the neck and crack them together?"

GOING SOME.

Myrtle M.—"I suppose, Lillian, you wonder why I left so abruptly? I saw a man, and oh! how I ran!"

Lillian—"Did you get him?"

ENORMOUS.

Raymond, (trying to shut an over full suitcase)—"Guess I will have to take out Joe's shoes; they take up all the room."

AMBITION?

Miss Nunn—"Joe, why don't you hurry up and finish your plate?"

Joe—"Aw, what's the use? You would just give me another one to do."

—◈—

PEACE.

First Student—"This is the first noon I have spent in peace since school began."

Second Student—"Why?"

First Student—"The piano tuner has the piano in his possession."

—◈—

SOME DAM.

Marian Gilman (upon seeing a dam across a stream): "I want to see this dam thing."

—◈—

SEVEN LEAGUERS.

Junior (to Sophomore)—"Why can Cow run so fast?"

Soph.—"Don't know."

Junior—"Because his feet cover so much ground at one time."

—◈—

GOOD WAY.

Prof.—"How do you tell the age of a turkey?"

Student—"By the teeth."

Prof.—"But the turkey has no teeth."

Student—"No, but I have."

—◈—

ENGLISH IV.

Beauford—"Jocund was a musical instrument, wasn't it?"

Teacher to Beauford—"Tell the story of Orpheus and Eurydice."

Beauford—"Orpheus was bitten by a snake and she died."

—◈—

JEALOUSY?

Katherine Urton (talking of Stanton as usual):—"I think he is just a dear."

Chester Hendricks quotes from Shakespeare: "God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."

Good Eats Good Eats

Thos. Doran

Restaurant

Good Eats Good Eats

Highway Garage

CHEVROLET AGENCY

Repair All Makes of Automobiles. Cars for Hire Any Time for Any Place. We Carry a Good Line of Tires and Accessories.

I. J. KOLB, Prop.

PHONE 90

The Barnum Stationery Co.

Commercial Stationers
Engravers, Booksellers

Office Outfitters School Equipment

442 THIRD STREET, SAN BERNARDINO

Telephones—Pacific 187, Home 197

The Quality

Confectionery

Home-Made Candies a Specialty

GIVE US A TRIAL

Maltby's Confectionery

LIGHT LUNCHEON, CIGARS BANNING, CALIF.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

First National
BANK
Of BANNING, CALIFORNIA
INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

Let Us Do Your
Kodak Finishing
And Enlarging Satisfaction Guaranteed
Donaldson & Mitchell
PHOTOGRAPHERS

BANNING
RECORD

HARVEY JOHNSON,
Proprietor

"City Printing in the Country"

Banning Lumber Company

DEALERS IN

Building Material

Try C. A. REID

FOR

Good Values

Banning Hardware Store

HARDWARE, PAINTS AND OILS

H. S. WALCH

CLARK'S

DRY GOODS

Your Home Store Banning, Calif.

Real Estate
AND
Insurance

THEO. BACKUS

Ford and Buick Agency

ACCESSORIES
GAS AND OILS

Banning Garage G. M. FOUNTAIN

Little & Fountain

Union Ice

Hauling a Specialty **'Phone 45**

Your Mind Will Be at Rest When Your Suit is Cleaned and Pressed. Be Sure and Stop at the

DE LUXE SHOP

CHAS. T. LEAKE

Banning Jewelry Store

WATCH REPAIRING

....A SPECIALTY....

Banning, - California

Wood Coal Hay

Grain Seeds

Carpenter & Hamilton

O. K. Market

MEAT AND ICE

Holcomb's Hardware

C. S. HOLCOMB

Hardware, Tinware, Stoves and Ranges, Farm Implements, Bicycles, Paints and Oils, Blacksmithing, Plumbing

---

Wire Fence, Cutlery and All Up-to-Date Hardware Supplies

Rexall
Nyal's
A. D. S. } **REMEDIES**

AT

McAllister's Drug Store
Banning

Quality Service

HUNT'S

CASH GROCERY

"Of Course"

FRANK L. MILLER

Attorney-at-Law

Compliments of

DR. J. C. KING

BANNING, CAL.

DR. P. HENDRICKS

Dentist

BANNING, CALIFORNIA

Southern Sierras Sanatorium

BANNING, CALIFORNIA

DISEASES OF THE

Lungs and Throat

A Well-Equipped Institution---
Investigation Invited

Rates: $90 and up, per month

L. M. RYAN, M. D.,
Medical Director

C. G. POTTER,
Manager

WING & SHERRARD

Lawyers

Practice in All the Courts. Phone 442

W. S. HATHAWAY & CO.

"The Right Place"

General *M*erchandise

In business since 1885. Every one ought to know us.

The
CAHILL COMPANY
Real Estate Loans
Insurance

Hay, Grain, Wood and Coal
ORDERS DELIVERED PROMPTLY
WM. H. PROUTY---Phone 582

GET YOUR
ICE CREAM
And Ice Cream Sodas at
The IDYLLWILD

Gents' Furnishings
AND
Ladies' and Children's Shoes
S. D. NICHOLS

If You Can Squeeze Nothing Better Than

A Lemon

Buy the Juicy Kind at

The Banning Mercantile

C. D. HAUVERMAN, Prop.

Prince Brothers

REAL ESTATE

Loans, Insurance

BANNING, - - CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC CHEMICAL CO.

1421 No. Main Street Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A.

SWEEPING COMPOUNDS, LIQUID SOAP, AUTO SOAP, DISINFECTANTS, JANITORS' AND SANITARY SUPPLIES, FLOOR BRUSHES, FLOOR OILS, DUSTERS, TOILET PAPERS, ONLIWON PAPER TOWELS, CHALK, CRAYOLAS, INK, SCRATCH PAPER, MAPS

Pacific Coast Representatives for:

INTERNATIONAL FUMIGATING LAMPS
PACIFIC BLACKBOARD RENEWER
REINFORCED LITHOPLATE BLACKBOARDS

Pacific Sanitary Tape Bound Blackboard Erasers

Are the Best Erasers for School Use. Does Not Spread—Therefore Lasts Longer, and is More Satisfactory in Every Way.